

## UNAFRAID.



So deep in the night, my brother;  
But bright the coming day;  
And the time for dawn and sunrise  
Is never far away.

I'm watching here in the valley  
To catch the first glad rift  
In the night clouds hanging over—  
Gray clouds that soon shall lift.

Whenever night shades are deepest  
Then loudest is my song,  
In the shadow of the valley  
Hope speeds my feet along.

Aye, deed in the night, my brother,  
But bright the coming day;  
And the time for dawn and sunrise  
Is never far away.  
—Henry C. Warnack in Los Angeles  
Herald.



## AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT

By "KINNIS GOUCHE."

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Algernon Barkdale Smythe was known locally as a snob. Some little sense was credited to his account, but his debts ran high. A great many things were unknown to him, but one fact stood out so clearly in his feeble brain that what others he chanced to be burdened with were quite overshadowed.

There was a woman in Algernon's town with whom he was well acquainted. This woman—well, even her enemies said she was beautiful. Algernon loved her with the unreasoning love that is the love of fools, and sometimes of strong men. In her particular circle she was known as a flirt and coquette. Men who distrusted their ability, along with having a certain regard for their peace of mind, fought shy of her witching glances.

To show and emphasize the insincerity of her character, and its unattractiveness, the case of James was always brought up. He was one of those men—quiet, reserved and intense—who love not often. He had met the woman, Lella, some years before. A service he did for her cemented an incipient friendship, which soon began to ripen into something more. James was slow and methodical, and he knew somewhat of women. With women of Lella's type he was, however, not so familiar. Therefore it was that he studied her long and carefully ere he committed himself.

After persuading himself into the belief that he knew her, he promptly asked her to marry him. To his surprise—and her own as well—she accepted him on condition that he wait so long as she might see fit. No lover could refuse even such a qualified acceptance, so they were engaged.

All went well for a year, so far as Lella was concerned. James was very docile in his obedience to her carefully veiled commands, and was equally meek in allowing her to do as she chose. Then, one day, the heavens fell, and James was never the same man afterwards.

It came about in a very simple manner. Lella put James off one night, with but the skeleton of an excuse, and went to the theater with another man. James took it all in good part, and said nothing. That night, in returning, Lella and her escort passed a man and a very shabbily dressed and wanton-faced woman on the street. The two strove to pass without having their faces seen, but they failed to accomplish this. One swift glance revealed it all to Lella. With



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a startled little cry, she dragged her escort after her in frenzied haste, and when she arrived home she dismissed him with a curt "Good night!"

The next day James received a very hot and scornful note, which sent him about his business without hope of recall. He saw how it was, and made every effort to gain admittance to her

presence; but he was denied. Then Lella left the city and was gone for months. James continued the dreary routine of his life, and strove to forget that all the light and gladness of it was no more.

When she returned James chanced to pass her on the street. She was with Algernon, and he spoke to them, but they cut him dead. A great rage and sorrow filled his heart, so he passed on without further ado.

Meantime the gossips of Lella's set had it that she and Algernon were to be married in the spring. She laughed when it came to her ears, but



Even her enemies said she was beautiful.

her laugh was not to be understood. Algernon himself attempted to look wise when a friend told him, but it was a dismal failure. He was rich, fair looking, descended of a family content to spell its name "Smith," and of average character; therefore, it is not strange that the rumor was currently credited.

It was during a call that Algernon made on her when the heavens fell for him. He, poor fool, unconsciously knocked out the props himself.

That day he had come upon an explanation of James' behavior the night on the street. It savored enough of the disreputable to be a delicious morsel for his palate. Besides, he had a secret fear that the woman had not yet forgotten James, and he was eager to poison her mind that her heart would forever cast out the likeness of the man she had once loved. So it was that Algernon dug his little pitfall and coaxed Lella to cross it.

"Don't you remember that fellow—ah—let me see, what was his name? Yes, I have it—James. Don't you remember him?"

She flashed a glance at him that would have been a warning to a man of average intelligence, but Smythe did not see it.

"Quite true," she said; "there was such a man. What of him?"

"Nothing of interest, nothing at all. I chanced to think of him in connection with something I heard to-day?"

"Yes?" with rising inflection. "Something you heard set you to thinking of him? That is flattering."

"Not at all," denied Algernon, ignoring the thrust. "But, don't you know, it was something that cast a light on something he did—" he paused expectantly.

Lella's face was a mask, and Algernon could not read her thoughts. "Something that he did?" she commented, tentatively. "What can it all mean?"

"Don't you know?" he said desperately. "Of that—that woman he was seen with on the street—"

"Oh, yes," she made answer, as if it all was now clear to her. "There was such a woman."

"She wasn't exactly—er—nice, you know," he blundered on.

"I heard so," was the disdainful interruption.

"She was once of a fairly respectable family," pursued Algernon, regaining confidence, "but she—she fell. Then she left her home, and her people forgot that she had ever lived. Afterwards they left their old home and came to this place."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Lella; "I can finish it for you. They came to this place, but she had preceded them. When she knew of their arrival she hunted them up, repented of her past misdeeds, was readmitted to the fold, and now they live happily and honorably. It is an old story, and quite commonplace."

"But this did not turn out so," Algernon said triumphantly. "It is worse than that."

"Worse? That is impossible."

"Indeed, no, as you will see. When James came across her it was by accident. She had not repented, but was continuing her evil ways. That very night retribution overtook her, and she was stricken with some kind of malady. James took her to his home and summoned the best medical aid, but it was of no avail. In a few weeks she was dead. James was most devoted to her during it all, paid all the expenses, and had her interred in the family burying ground. They say he took it very much to heart."

Algernon waited with malicious expectancy, for he knew what was coming.

Lella was too much absorbed in her thoughts to observe his manner. When he paused, she asked:

"What was she to him that he should do that, and take it so to heart, as you say?"

"Well," and there was an impressive pause, "she was his wife!"

"His wife!" cried Lella, unable to check the cry of astonishment. Algernon nodded in a satisfied manner, and then said:

"Yes, she was his wife. He married her when he was a young fellow. She had it in her blood, and went to the bad. Then they parted. Later he heard that she was dead, and did not know better until he saw her on the street." Algernon sank back in his chair, satisfied that he had done well.

For some minutes Lella was silent. The man finally became impatient, and, to break the suspense, asked:

"Well, what do you think of it? Pretty rough on James, isn't it?"

In reply the woman arose and opened the door leading to the hall. Then she turned her great eyes upon him in dazzling scorn.

"There!" she said, pointing to the door. "You had better go home. You are a mischief little cur, and if I were a man I would thrash you!"

The man stood in dead consternation, not believing his ears. Before he could come to an answer, however, he was alone in the room, and the sound of Lella's light steps came back to him as she ascended the stairs leading to her room.

That night he wrote a very apologetic little note to James, begging him to come to her next day. And James came.

Across the hills, and far beyond, where daylight dies and yet again is born, There lies a country wondrous fair, Beyond the purple rim of mist that girds the valley down below There lies a land I dreamed about, a land I longed to know; The stars stood sentinel at dusk and beckoned, Yet I dared not go.

Across these hills a wandering soul came to a child and as it grew It sung a promise of return. Till the life's great hope became a chain and the spirit knew but bitter pain. For its tasks undone were fetters of lead and a weary life seemed all in vain. For the master passion would not be still Nor the soul at rest again.

It was out of bounds in a realm unreal, as a summer star in a silver sea That counterfeits its light; Unreal and hopeless and afar, Fate met-ed it out and gave it me And bid me accept this lonely thing and smile on life and be free And light of heart and happy—aye—For all eternity.

And I cried aloud in my hour of grief for a comfort in my gloom To forgotten death away, Across the hills stole a kindred soul from the infinite long ago And my dream came true at last in you here in the afterglow, And you led me away across the blue Whither I longed to go.

—Percy F. Montgomery.

Smoking Competition.

At a "smoking club" in Thallfingen (South Germany) a competition was held, the object of which was to smoke a cigar as long as possible without letting it go out. The prize-winner smoked his cigar 74½ minutes, while none of the other competitors' records was over one hour.

Golden Sands.

In twelve months Farnmouth, Eng., derived a revenue of about £2,859 from its beach. The sale of sand and shingle produced £594, and payments for the right to place stalls on the beach £700.

Compulsory Vaccination.

Three vaccinations are now compulsory in France. The first must be made during the first year of infancy, the second in the eleventh year, and the third in the twenty-first year.

## GRATEFUL, HAPPY WOMEN



Miss Muriel Armitage.

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